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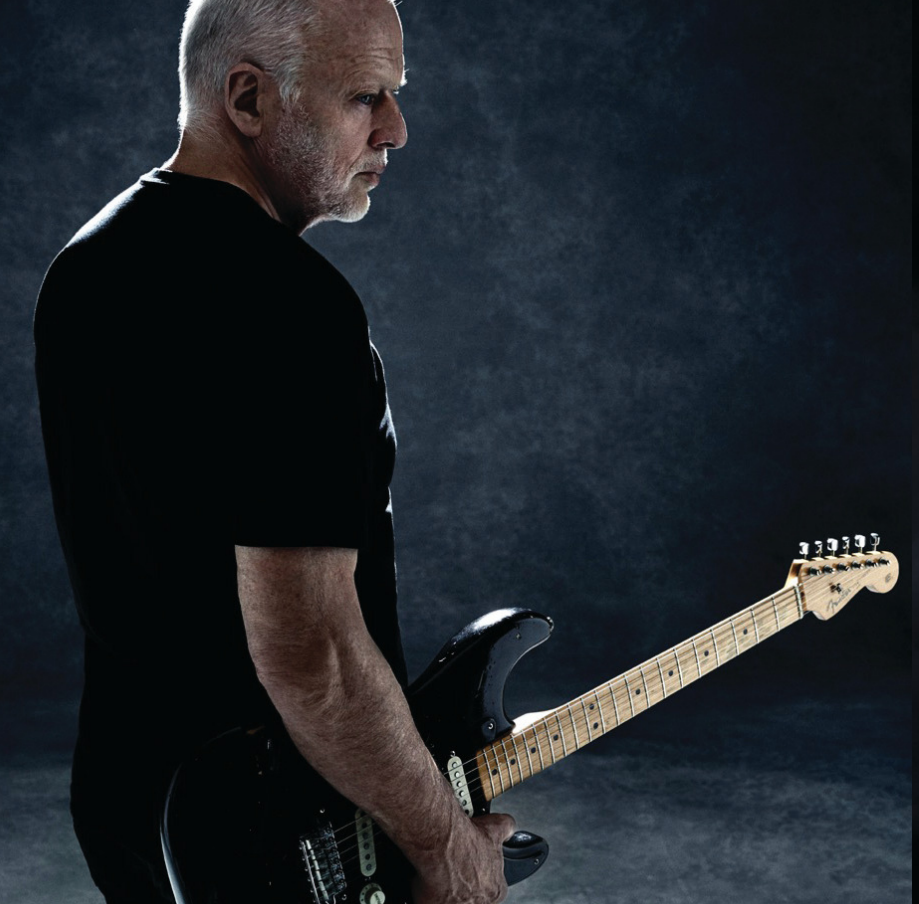
DAVID GILMOUR

RATTLE THAT LOCK



RATTLE THAT LOCK

(Music: David Gilmour / Michaël Boumendil / Lyrics: Polly Samson)

Whatever it takes to break
Got to do it
From the Burning Lake
Or the Eastern Gate
You'll get through it
Rattle that lock and lose those chains
Rattle that lock and lose those chains
Rattle that lock and lose those chains
Rattle that lock

Let's go do it
Have it all our way
Go back to where we blew it
And lose our heads along the way
So long Sin, au revoir Chaos
If there's a Heaven it can wait
So long Sin and au revoir Chaos
If there's a Heaven…

And all the other travellers
Become phantoms to our eyes
The furies and the revellers
The fallen angels in disguise
No Discord, Chance or Rumour
Is going to interrupt this bliss
No Discord, Chance or Rumour
To interrupt this…

So let's get to it
It's calling like a flame
Through the darkness and the night
A world suspended on a golden chain
No Discord, Chance or Rumour
Is going to interrupt this bliss
No Discord, Chance or Rumour
To interrupt this…

Rattle that lock and lose those chains
Rattle that lock and lose those chains
Rattle that lock and lose those chains

FACES OF STONE

(Music and lyrics: David Gilmour)

Faces of stone that watched from the dark
As the wind swirled around and you took my arm in the park
Images framed, hung high in the trees
And you talked of your youth but the years had turned dry as the leaves

Your lover was gone, his replacement to hand
And just what the difference was, you could not understand
In darkening grey we walked back through the streets
Then you talked all night long of your childhood home by the sea

And I, my disguise a mask chosen by you
Believed every word I heard
At least I think that's what I tried to do

We sat on the roof – the night overflowed
No more was said but I learned all I needed to know
Your Hollywood smile shone a light on the past
But it was the future that you held so tight to your heart

A BOAT LIES WAITING

(Music: David Gilmour / Lyrics: Polly Samson)

Something I never knew
In silence I'd hear you
And a boat lies waiting
Still your clouds all flaming
That old time easy feeling

What I lost was an ocean
Now I'm drifting through without you
In this sad barcarolle

What I lost was an ocean
And I'm rolling right behind you
In this sad barcarolle

It rocks you like a cradle
It rocks you to the core
You'll sleep like a baby
As it knocks at Death's door

DANCING RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME

(Music and lyrics: David Gilmour)

Maybe I should have shown you a clearer plainer truth
That doesn't care about summer and less about youth
Now in this silence what more is there to do
Something has broken in me and in you

In watchful dependence a satellite spins
Cautiously circling the space that I'm in
It's bouncing me signals - distorted by time
And I'm stuck here waiting for the stars to align

Dancing right in front of me, all the lives I once could see
Slipping to and slipping fro, disappearing
Who's to know where they have gone - just out of sight
Into the shadows of my night
Who started out as stars in my eyes

There's a wide horizon, go on now take a chance
Your star is shining it lights a brighter path
It's all there inside you, take one day at a time
Reeling, freewheeling, I want to watch you fly

IN ANY TONGUE

(Music: David Gilmour / Lyrics: Polly Samson)

Home and done it's just begun
His heart weighs more, more than it ever did before
What has he done? God help my son
Hey, stay a while, I'll stay up
No sugar is enough to bring sweetness to his cup
I know sorrow tastes the same on any tongue

How was I to feel it
When a gun was in my hands
And I'd waited for so long
How was I to see straight
In the dust and blinding sun
Just a pair of boots on the ground

On the screen the young men die
The children cry in the rubble of their lives
What has he done? God help my son
Hey, stay a while, I'll stay up
The volume pumped right up but not enough to drown it out
I hear "Mama" sounds the same in any tongue

How am I to see you
When my faith stands in the way
And the wailing is long done
How am I to know you
With a joystick in my hand
When the call to arms has come

THE GIRL IN THE YELLOW DRESS

(Music: David Gilmour / Lyrics: Polly Samson)

She mesmerises with a smile
Dark eyes as compelling as the bourbon
The girl in the canary yellow dress
Says yes

She flips a pack of cigarettes
He doesn't smoke but he takes one nonetheless
It helps to keep his motives true
(Gauloise-blue)
What else is the poor boy supposed to do?

She dances like a flame
Words unheard
Eyes closed and yellow dress
Whirls and swirls

It's late the hour's growing horns
The band seems to draw her ever closer
This girl gets right down in the groove
Woos and moves
Leads him on to where they play the blues

She dances like a flame
Has no cares, yellow dress flares
Eyes closed, arms above, she shakes
Swirls and snakes

Too late in this folie à trois
He sees that her heart is pounding for
Big daddy who falls down to his
knees
Begging her please
Lifts his sax, says here's my little tease

Her dancing sets the place on fire
Heaven and hell
The flames curl up his spine
As she shakes, whirls and snakes

TODAY

(Music: David Gilmour / Lyrics: Polly Samson)

If you should wake and find me gone
Keep safe this night and dwell upon
Such murmurations, sun sunk deep
Now close your eyes and go to sleep

What a day it's been a day of shoot the breezing
What a day it's been this time of year
Just a day when the weight of the world slides away

Feel that sun on your back see the shadows falling
Sea meets shore and soothes it with a song
If this should be my last day on earth
I'll sing along

Let's forget all the skies cast over and grey
And the squalling tempests of doubt
Holding on clinging tight in the wreckage of love
But today

What a time to dream what a day of easy
What a day it's been this time of year
Just a day when the weight of the world slides away

Evening Star, a guitar in the smoke of the fire
Light of gold in the garden of old
I would take it all again, if it came my way
But today

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5 A.M.
(David Gilmour)

David Gilmour: Guitars, keyboards, electric piano
Zbigniew Preisner: Orchestration

RATTLE THAT LOCK
(David Gilmour / Polly Samson / Michaël Boumendil)

David Gilmour: Vocals, guitars, Hammond organ, keyboards
Steve DiStanislao: Drums, percussion, vocals
Yaron Stavi: Bass, double bass, vocals
Guy Pratt: Bass
Phil Manzanera: Hammond organ, keyboard elements
Danny Cummings: Percussion
Mica Paris and Louise Marshall: Vocals
The Liberty Choir directed by MJ Paranzino
SNCF chime written by Michaël Boumendil; used by kind permission

FACES OF STONE
(David Gilmour)

David Gilmour: Keyboards, guitars, vocals, piano
Steve DiStanislao: Drums, percussion
Danny Cummings: Percussion
Eira Owen: French horn
Damon Iddins: Accordion, calliope keyboard
Phil Manzanera: Hammond organ, acoustic guitar, keyboard elements
Zbigniew Preisner: Orchestration

A BOAT LIES WAITING
(David Gilmour / Polly Samson)

David Gilmour: Vocals, piano, guitar, keyboards
David Crosby and Graham Nash: Vocals
Yaron Stavi: Double bass
Roger Eno: Piano
Danny Cummings: Percussion

DANCING RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME
(David Gilmour)

David Gilmour: Vocals, guitars, piano, electric piano, keyboards, bass, Hammond organ
Steve DiStanislao: Drums
Andy Newmark: Drums
Yaron Stavi: Double bass
Danny Cummings: Percussion
Zbigniew Preisner: Orchestration

IN ANY TONGUE
(David Gilmour / Polly Samson)

David Gilmour: Vocals, guitars, bass, keyboards
Gabriel Gilmour: Piano
Phil Manzanera: Keyboard elements
Andy Newmark: Drums
Zbigniew Preisner: Orchestration

BEAUTY
(David Gilmour)

David Gilmour: Guitars, bass, keyboards, bass harmonica
Roger Eno: Piano
Steve DiStanislao: Drums, percussion
Danny Cummings: Percussion

THE GIRL IN THE YELLOW DRESS
(David Gilmour / Polly Samson)

David Gilmour: Vocals, guitar
Martin France: Drums
Jools Holland: Piano
Rado Klose: Guitar
Chris Laurence: Double bass
John Parricelli: Guitar
Colin Stetson: Saxophone
Robert Wyatt: Cornet

TODAY
(David Gilmour / Polly Samson)

David Gilmour: Vocals, guitars, electric piano, keyboards, Hammond organ
Steve DiStanislao: Drums
Guy Pratt: Bass
Phil Manzanera: Acoustic guitar, keyboard elements
Mica Paris and Louise Marshall: Vocals
Jon Carin: Electric piano
Mike Rowe: Electric piano
Polly Samson: Vocals
Danny Cummings: Percussion
Zbigniew Preisner: Orchestration

AND THEN...
(David Gilmour)

David Gilmour: Guitars, keyboards, electric piano, bass
Andy Newmark: Drums
Danny Cummings: Percussion
Zbigniew Preisner: Orchestration

Produced by David Gilmour and Phil Manzanera
Engineered and mixed by Andy Jackson and David Gilmour
Assisted by Damon Iddins

Additional engineering at Gallery Studio by Mike Boddy
assisted by Andrés Mesa

Additional vocal engineering at The Village Recorder by Kevin Madigan. Thanks to Jeff Greenberg

Special thanks to Polly Samson for her contribution to the making of this record

Recorded at:
Astoria Studio
Medina Studio
Abbey Road Studios
Gallery Studio

Orchestra recorded at Air Studios, Lyndhurst Hall, London
Engineer: Geoff Foster, assisted by Laurence Anslow and John Prestage with thanks to Andy Jackson and Damon Iddins

Orchestral arrangements: Zbigniew Preisner
Orchestra conducted by Robert Ziegler
Leader: Rolf Wilson
Orchestra contracted by Hilary Skewes
Zbigniew Preisner's assistants: Bartek Kaleta, Marcin Partyka

The Liberty Choir recorded at the Church of the Holy Spirit, Narbonne Road, London, by Andy Jackson and Damon Iddins
Choir leader: MJ Paranzino

Mastered by James Guthrie and Joel Plante at das boot recording

General technical and musical instrument supervision by Phil Taylor

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